

# The North Countrey-Taylor caught in a Trap

O R,

A Fool and his Money soon parted.

Being a merry composed ditty of a Taylor that went up to London to seek his Fortune, but he meeting with one of the City Mo's, who made him believe she was a maid, but two of her Companions gul'd him of thirty pound, and got all his Cloaths, and gave him a few rags in their room: and like a Fool he went home as he came.

To the Tune of Du-Vaul's delight, or, Love without Measure,



All you that delight to hear a new sonnet,  
Then do but draw nere and listen a while,  
It is of a Taylor now I think upon it,  
His self will produce from you a smile  
This Taylor did sweare he was weary on's life,  
Therfor he'd to London to get him a wife,  
But the more there for him was to nimble  
So he did think with them for to dissemble,  
Cause he had his pockets w. 11 lin'd with gold.

He did make a suit of the new fashion  
Not as a Gentleman when he did cry,  
He I com. again I will see ev'ry Nation,  
I will refo'ld my fortune to try,  
He down with his heare & his pards he did sing,  
He walk' on the Road he did merrily sing,  
All that he came to London fair City  
He did he spy many things so pretty.  
His heart was in a maze the same for to see.

Thus up and down the Streets he went g'ing  
With looking & staring was ready to fall, (him  
At length a Lad did meet him the which did amaze  
Because that Countrey-man he did him call,  
Where are you a walking she to him did cry,  
How doth all our friends in your Countrey,  
Thus she took acquaintance tho he did not know him,  
And by the hand did take him & would not forgo him,  
But a cu. they must have before they depart.

Thus he was led like a sheep to the slaughter  
With many new fancies he did him lead,  
She told him she was a rich Merchants daughter  
And of no means he did stand in need, (got  
Which made the Taylor to think a rare prize he had  
Then he calls for Tobacco and Pot after Pot,  
Taylor quoth he I p'ethes be quicker  
And do not spare to bring us in liquor,  
For I have got money for to pay for all.

# The North Countrey-Taylor caught in a Trap

O R,

A Fool and his Money soon parted.

Being a merry composed ditty of a Taylor that went up to London to seek his Fortune, but he meeting with one of the City Mo's, who made him believe she was a maid, but two of her Companions gul'd him of thirty pound, and got all his Cloaths, and gave him a few rags in their room: and like a Fool he went home as he came.

To the Tune of Du-Vaul's delight, or, Love without Measure,



All you that delight to hear a new sonnet,  
Then do but draw nere and listen a while,  
It is of a Taylor now I think upon it,  
His self will produce from you a smile  
This Taylor did sweare he was weary on's life,  
Therfor he'd to London to get him a wife,  
But the more there for him was to nimble  
So he did think with them for to dissemble,  
Cause he had his pockets w. 11 lin'd with gold.

He did make a suit of the new fashion  
Not as a Gentleman when he did cry,  
He I com. again I will see ev'ry Nation,  
I'll refer to my fortune to try,  
He down with his heart & his part he did sing  
He walkt on the Road he did merrily sing,  
All that he came to London fair City  
He did he spy many things so pretty.  
His heart was in a maze the same for to see.

Thus up and down the Streets he went g'ing  
With looking & staring was ready to fall, (him  
At length a Lad did meet him the which did amaze  
Because that Countrey-man he did him call,  
Where are you a walking he to him did cry,  
How doth all our friends in your Countrey,  
Thus he took acquaintance tho he did not know him,  
And by the hand did take him & would not forgo him,  
But a cu. they must have before they depart.

Thus he was led like a sheep to the slaughter  
With many new fancies he did him lead,  
She told him she was a rich Merchants daughter  
And of no means he did stand in need, (got  
Which made the Taylor to think a rare prize he had  
Then he calls for Tobacco and Pot after Pot,  
Taylor quoth he I p'eth he quicker  
And do not spare to bring us in liquor,  
For I have got money for to pay for all.

**T**his Lsby did hear what he had sp. ken  
And seeing his money so hazely to shine,  
He gave him twenty kisses in sign of loves token  
and drunk unto him a whole glass of wine.  
This Tappoz was so jockant his money did thow  
About the house as if silver did grow,  
He never did dream of what would c. me after  
For he fill'd his heart with joy and good laugh. r,  
But at length all his mirth to sorrow did turn.

For when the strong liquoz had wozt in his noddle  
Cupid in his Coppice began for to mobe  
And he could not ride without ere a saddle,  
Oh then he did court her, and call her his l. be  
Then strait to a bed this couple would go,  
But before that his work he could fall into  
Up comes to Roysters swearing and stamping  
And in their hands two swords they had bearing  
What rouse is this that doth lye with my wife.

The Tappoz stood shaking trembling and quaking  
Just like a dog that new burnt his tail,  
Then by the ears one of them did take him  
Which made the poor Tappoz to look very pale,  
(him) Then strait he drew his sword to cut out his stones  
Which he might easly do for they had no bone.  
But the Tappoz cry'd out oh spare them for p. ety  
For I before was nere in this Citip  
And if I was out on'aid: nere come again.

to him,  
him, Here take my mony and if you'll believe me  
I did not think but she had been a mai;  
To part with the same it will never grieve me  
Although I did work hard for't at my trade.  
I but quoth they this shall not ser. be your turn  
Then the Tappoz began to ring his hands & mourn  
(got, Oh for pitties sake first time excuse me  
he had I am a poor Tappoz do not. buse me,  
Take all I have so my life you will free.

So strah quoth one this shall not so free you  
And A. I for the wrong then halt done to my wif e  
A hundred pound pay me let me advise thee,  
For I promise thee true it shall cost thee thy life  
Alas quoth the Tappoz in troth I can't doo't  
Take what n. ony I have and my cloaths to bw't  
My li e quoth he will do you small pleasur e  
You had better be contented with a little treasure  
You can have no more of a Cat b. t her skin.

So they took all his mony and stript him naked  
And gave him a few old rags to put on,  
So that he cost him 30 pound I heard him spea  
And yet for his money he had nere a good turn  
And glad he was that he scapt from them so  
Tho they got his money and i. ke his cloathes two,  
Thus he was sold out of all his money  
He that payes so dear f. 2 Ware oz. yet Cony,  
I think he had need eat the bones and all.

Therefore let all Tappozs henceforth be wiser  
How they go to London their fortunes to try.  
It is not good to be two much a Miser  
For per his money in vain for to let fly,  
For now he is ready to cut his own thront  
And is fain to work hard all day for a groat.  
And when he takes one inch he'd need take twenty  
Before he gets so much money it is not so plenty,  
Woe betide the garment the which he doth make.

So to conclude you may see how this Tappoz  
The which was so gallan: was quickly made poor.  
He might a took working by wilful James Naylor,  
That sp. nt nine hundred pound on a whoze.  
And when that his means he had wasted away  
He left him in the lurch to sigh and to say,  
Far well my money and farewell my treasure  
For I have prid dear for a little pleasure  
But ile come no more their for a trick that I know.